

The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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WE MORTALS DREAM.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We mortals dream of Heaven,
That place of perfect rest,
We fondly hope to see
The regions of the blest.

We hope, 'mid all the ills,
The crosses and the care
That crowd this lower life,
A better life to share.

We dream of pearly gates
Open to welcome in
Our spirits, freed, redeemed
From earth, pollution, sin.

We dream of streets of gold,
Of mansions rich and fair,
Of robes more costly far
Than earthly monarchs wear.

We dream of cooling streams,
Of blossoms fading never;
We dream of Christ, of Heaven,
Of peace and joy forever.

We mortals dream! Ah, who
Shall find these visions real?
Who the true Heaven see?
Who only the ideal? GENEVA.

A FAMILY-FAILING.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,
AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," "BETWEEN TWO," &c.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

XXIX.

NETTIE AND NELL.

Haven't I been put through my catechism, at the Temples! All about Ruth? Is she pretty? Is she stylish? How does she dress her hair? Are her dresses very much gored? etc., and so on. Bob says he'll "bet she's a beauty," I'm so "sulky about answering"—and is going "to find out for himself about it." I used to think Robert Temple quite nice. I had no idea he would turn out such a hateful beast.

* * * * * Bob has been to see Ruth, and has found out for himself, that she is a regular stunner.

"Carrick's completely gone," he says.

"When did he go?" I asked, with an appearance of great surprise.

"But I mean to cut him out." Bob continued, taking no notice of me or my remark.

"I should like to see you 'cut out' Lord Carrick!" said I.

"You'll see it," said Bob. "She was pretty sweet upon me."

"She's sweet upon every man."

"There's nothing to cut out," interposed Mattie. "Lord Carrick's engaged."

"And engaged to Ruth, herself," said I, triumphantly.

"That can't be," said Bob; "for she said to-day, she hadn't seen him before now, for seven years."

"They may have corresponded," said I.

"All I know is what he told me himself."

"I guess that was to 'top you from making up to him,'" retorted Bob, with a grin.

"Robert Temple"—I began, and then stopped. I was so angry I thought I should suffocate.

Mattie began to laugh. Mrs. Temple shook her head at her beautiful boy.

"You shouldn't make disagreeable remarks, Robert," said she.

"He shouldn't tell lies, you mean," said I, for I knew her hateful ways, and felt that she insinuated that the remark was disagreeable, because true.

"Lie, is a very unlady-like word, Miss Eleanor."

"Then it suits the ungentlemanly subject."

"You had better keep silence, Robert; when tempers are so uncertain," remarked Mrs. Temple, with an angry wag of the head.

"If one keeps silence, one doesn't expose one's temper," said I; and, having had the last word, I marched off, to meditate in my own chamber, wishing I were anywhere else, except at Aunt Julia's.

* * * * * Every day I have to hear about Ruth, from Bob, who parades his growing intimacy, and hints that Carrick is terrifically jealous. I feel sure that Ruth plays off Bob against his lordship—that being an ancient peculiarity of hers.

Mattie has inaugurated a great intimacy with Ruth, "for Bob's sake," she says. Perhaps she thinks she can help Bob to cut out Lord Carrick, and then step in for his lordship herself. There are riding-parties, and carriage-parties, and boating-parties. I am always invited—but I never go. Ruth seems equally desirous to avoid me, for she never accepts any invitation to lunch or dine here, having always a headache or being "in a great hurry," on the receipt of such. I



LANDSCAPE IN TROPICAL AFRICA, WITH SPECIMENS OF THE WONDERFUL TABLE TREES.

About 1,000 miles north from the Cape of Good Hope, on the western side of Africa, there is an extensive district of sterile country extending northwards to the Portuguese settlement to Benguela. This region is almost, if not altogether, rainless. Heavy dews fall at night, and supply the little moisture required by the scanty vegetation, which consists of a few plants, specially fitted by their organisation to endure the continuous rays of a tropical sun poised down from a cloudless sky. The exposure of one of our plants to such a sun for even a few minutes would evaporate every particle of moisture it contained, and wither it up into a dead, dry, friable skeleton. But these strange plants, from the great thickness of the skin which covers their leaves, and the structure of the stomata, are able to resist the action of the most powerful rays of the sun, and to retain the little moisture they require for the necessities of their life.

Among the few plants scattered over these arid sandy plains is one which its describer has properly called *mirabilis*, as it is one of the most wonderful plants anywhere to be found on the surface of the earth. It was discovered in the year 1860 by the eminent scientific traveller, Dr. Welwitschia, whose name has been associated with it by Dr. Hooker in commemoration of his successful botanical explorations in Central Africa.

The Welwitschia Mirabilis is a tree which lives for many years, some specimens being estimated by their discoverer as at least a hundred years old, and which every year of its life increases in size, yet never grows

higher. Rising just above the ground, this strange plant, looking like a rough roundish table, regularly enlarges by adding concentric layers to its circumference. The flat upper surface of the trunk is very hard and dark, resembling in color and texture the crust of an over-baked loaf. In shape it is a somewhat compressed disc, with a more or less deep groove running through the centre of its longest diameter, and dividing it into two lobes. It is marked with a number of concentric ridges studious with circular pits which have been produced by the fallen fruit-stalks. Each new ridge or concentric layer supports a large number of fruits, in the form of beautifully regular and bright scarlet cones, somewhat resembling the fruits of the fir-trees of our forests, to which trees the Welwitschia, though so different in aspect, has a very close affinity. Sometimes, in old plants, the margins of the lobes are very much split. The trunk attains a size of from fourteen to eighteen feet in circumference, but is never more than a few inches above the ground. It gradually tapers downwards, forming a large taproot, which penetrates several feet into the ground.

When the young plant springs from the seed it sends up two small green leaves corresponding to the first seed-leaves of the oak or beech. But in our trees, and in all other plants, these first leaves, having performed their part in the growth of the plant, decay and disappear, and are succeeded by numerous others of shapes peculiar to the different plants to which they belong. The Welwitschia

is a singular and remarkable exception to this otherwise universal rule. It never loses its two first leaves, and it never gets any more. Imagine a frog always remaining in its tadpole state, with external gills, a long swimming tail, and no legs, yet growing to the size of a large frog. Such a creature would be in the animal kingdom as great an anomaly as the Welwitschia is in the vegetable kingdom. The plant is really an infant tree, attaining the age of a hundred years, yet never getting rid of its early imperfect condition. The leaves rise from two deep grooves in the outer margin of the trunk, one springing from each lobe. They increase in size year after year with the growth of the plant until, in the larger specimens, they attain a length of six feet or even more. They are quite flat, long, very leathery, and frequently split into numerous strap-like, that curling upon the surface of the barren soil.

A less inviting landscape can scarcely be imagined than the sandy desert sparsely covered with short dry grass and scattered specimens of this extraordinary plant, looking more like the remains of some ancient forest which had been cleared by the axe of the settler, than a collection of complete and living plants. For a time, when they are in perfection, the short branches of bright scarlet cones which cover the crown of the stem relieve the dismal monotony. With all its strange peculiarities—and, indeed, chiefly because of them—the Welwitschia is singularly adapted to the physical conditions under which it lives.

guess she has given Mattie reasons for her repeated refusals, for she sighs over—"divisions in families"—and says "both sides must be wrong," meaning, I suppose, there must be wrong on both sides.

I should be quite lonely, were it not for Annette, who evidently prefers my society to that of any one else, since she always stays at home with me, instead of going with them. We have a pet place at the foot of the garden, where we carry our books and work, and sit by the hour together. Annette reads aloud very prettily, though she doesn't understand all she reads. When she reads aloud, I supply notes, here and there, and thus she gets a good deal of information; and it amuses me at the same time, and makes me feel that I am of some importance to somebody.

We call our place of retirement, our "Refuge"; and had hoped that no one would find it out. But Bob, who is always "nosing around," discovered it, and tries to torment us about it. It is down by a brook, where there are large trees, growing in a knot, as it were, make a nice half-circle, as a back to our cushions of moss; and a curtain also, being all wound and intertwined with clematis. We first knew that Bob had found us out, by discovering a large placard, upon which was printed in enormous letters—Old Maids' Retreat—nailed to our beloved trees. Since then, Bob has occasionally condescended to visit us in our retreat, when Ruth would not be available, entertaining us with "full, true, and particular" accounts of all the riding, boating, and carriage parties.

"I think you girls are great fools not to come too," he would say; "I wish you would come, and take up Carrick's attention, so that I might have Ruth to myself, once in a while."

"Is he very devoted?" I would ask.

"Regularly spooney." Then Bob would insinuate that "Carrick is nowhere," when he is around; and that he bores Ruth, who is too polite to let him know it.

"Ruth will never be bored by the society of a 'lord,' unless a duke or a marquis should present himself," I said, and Bob went off, whistling.

* * * * *

We were in our retreat to-day, when we heard a rustling in the bushes.

"There's Bob!" said Annette.

The leafy-screen parted, and Lord Carrick

rose, his head presented itself through the opening, like a Jack-in-the-Green.

"May I be permitted?" he asked.

"Ruth isn't here," was my response.

"Isn't she? I thought you and she were inseparable."

I could make no reply to this. In the first place I was wondering why he was there; in the second place, I could think of nothing particularly spicy.

He came forward and seated himself, not for

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"There's Bob!" said Annette.

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"I shan't go out to the Refuge if that's the way you talk to me," Annette continued.

"Oh! no! stay here—and perhaps Lord Carrick will come and squeeze your hand again."

Annette began to cry. I snatched up a book, and raised to the Refuge to get out of the hearing of her sobs. Some one was there before me. Lord Carrick himself!

"Good-morning," he said quietly.

I appeared neither to see nor hear him. Taking possession of my favorite seat, I opened my book and pretended to be absorbed by its contents. "As I am alone I may as well indulge in a cigar," he said as if talking to himself—took one from the breast-pocket of his coat, lighted it, and throwing himself down along the ground, contrived to impress a portion of my skirt beneath his elbow, so that I could not stir if I had wished to. Fortunately I am very fond of the odor of a good cigar, so the only thing that disturbed me was the possibility of some one happening upon us while occupying these relative positions. But no one came, and I read—or seemed to read—and his lordship finished his cigar, and then appeared to meditate. Was he meditating? I bent a little forward, and peeped over the top of my book at his face. Just then he turned it suddenly, and his eyes met mine.

"Boppep!" said he.

I couldn't help laughing, it was so absurd. He changed his position so as to face me. Very awkward for me.

"We must make a pretty picture," said he; "I wish some one could see us."

"Ruth?"

"Yes; Ruth."

"How long are you going to stay here?"

"Until I am tired of your society."

"You have no business here."

"As much

eyes bent upon the ground. How they glistened, and how flushed her cheeks were.

XXX.

(*Extracts, supplied by the Author.*)

"YOU SHALL NEVER MARRY HER."

Notwithstanding Lord Carrick's apparent calmness, he was really very anxious to discover how much of the hideous scene in the "Refuge" Ruth had witnessed, and during his walk home with her, he was continually asking himself, "How long had she been there when I looked up?"

Ruth did not say much, but when she did speak it was in her usual sweet tones; and with her old winning way; but there was a certain vibration in her voice that might have warned him, as the trembling of Vesuvius does the dwellers at its foot; and the hand that rested on his arm curving itself with a rigidity that was not natural to those pliant fingers—that round and flexible wrist. It was a bright, glowing sunset, and the air palpitated with the August heat, but Ruth complained of being chilled, and shivered on his arm, and yet her color was more brilliant than usual. Lord Carrick told her so, looking down at her admiringly, as he spoke. She had a black lace veil thrown, Spanish-fashion, over her bright dishevelled hair, and under its soft shadow her eyes blazed and her cheeks bloomed with wonderful effect.

"And you are beautiful to-night," he softly ad id.

She turned to him with a gesture that made him start. "If I am beautiful, why do you not love me?" she said.

"That is no question for a woman to ask of a man."

"Not ordinarily. But the relation in which we stand to each other is no common one. You have known that I loved you, and knowing it, you have given me every proof of affection, but—asking me to be your wife." Then she blushed deeply, intensely, for unwomanly as her advances were, she was still woman enough to blush at what she did not scruple to utter.

"My dear Ruth, how can a man help hating a woman who is constantly adoring him, and never makes objections to his doing so?"

"How could I make objections when I love you?"

"Your reasons are nothing to me. I always take the good things offered me and ask no questions."

"I always know you to be selfish," said Ruth, in a low voice, as if speaking to herself, "but I thought I could make you love me."

"I do love you. I love all beautiful women, but—I do not wish to marry you."

"You do not wish to marry at all?"

"I did not say that."

"Listen; if you wish to marry at all, why do you not marry me? You say I am beautiful. I know I have no ordinary mind. I am yet young. I shine in society. I should be an ornament to your title—"

"Ruth, you are very charming to make love to—but I should not like you as a wife."

"Why?"

"You have too much of the tigress in you."

"No more than Eleanor Rupell."

I witnessed the whole of that little scene. I thought then it was only your habit, but now I know you were in earnest. But—you shall never marry her."

"Do you intend to poison her?"

"No—but I was I could—safely. If I hear you are going to marry her, I shall tell her—this." She raised her lips to his ear and whispered in it. He did not start, nor falter in his usual free and graceful step. He was always pale, as in the soft moonlight could be seen no change in his complexion, but he was silent for a full minute's space, and then he ejaculated— "Nonsense!"

"It is not nonsense. You were seen, you were recognised."

"Permit me to suggest that, the next time you arrange such a little plot, you provide yourself with proof. And know that a woman who threatens never advances her cause with any man. But, Ruth, since all this was said for the love of me (they were at the gate now) I forgive you, and good night, my darling."

She let him take her in his arms and kiss her on the brow and lips, and when he left her, she clung to him and sobbed upon his shoulder. Then flinging herself from him, she bounded up the gravelled walk, and when he opened the hall-door had disappeared.

Eleanor's Diary.

Lord Carrick has not been here to-day. How strange, after what passed yesterday! It can't be that he thought he had won me in that easy way, or that Ruth—I wonder how much she saw—I believe her capable of anything, even of—murder. Oh! if—I would just her to the end of the world, and tear her heart out when I had found her.

Mattie saw him this morning. He was out riding with Ruth, and she says Ruth looks like a queen on horseback. I wonder if she looked like Queen Bess, stiff old thing!

He has not been here to-day. What could he have meant by telling me he loved me—and, no more? To be sure, we were interrupted, and I had said nothing, but I did not look displeased, and they say that "silence gives consent." Could he have thought me too lightly won? I don't think he could tell if I were won or not. But why should he say that and no more? Why did he come here at all? I never thought him. Was it to tease Ruth?—and did he know that Ruth was watching him all the while? I wish I knew. Could he have arranged it all to punish me for my treatment of him? I asked Mattie how she seemed. Very gay. Was he as devoted to Ruth as ever? This question made Mattie cross, so I am sure he was. She wouldn't say so, however. Did he inquire for me? No, Mattie said, and looked so surprised that I changed the conversation.

Another day has passed without seeing him. I went out to the "Refuge," thinking he might be there, but he wasn't. Then I looked for a note. I thought there might be one hidden in the hollow of a tree, or under a stone, as I have read of people doing, but none was there. I don't feel sorry, but very, very angry. I know he means to insult me, but Ishan't let him know that I take the insult.

Annette and I were out driving to-day in the pony carriage, and we met him and Ruth driving also. I bowed to both as naturally as I could, and with a smile for Ruth. She looked surprised. I saw it, although she did not raise her eyebrows, or round her

eyes. I did not see how he looked—I merely glanced at him.

He called to-day—with Ruth. Ruth had arranged a picnic party. Would I go? No. My reply rhymed, but it gave no reason, neither would I. She must content herself with my simple negative. His lordship expressed his regret very politely, and was no much at his ease that I felt provoked. "When are you coming to the 'Refuge' again?" I asked him.

"When it suits me," said he.

"You had better come when it suits me."

"Never."

How Mrs. Temple opened her eyes!

"We are affectionate cousins—that are to be, are we not, Mrs. Temple?" I said.

"But relations never agree, you know."

His lordship smiled, and smoothed down his moustache.

"Am I to congratulate you, my lord?" said Mrs. Temple.

"I think I am to be congratulated."

"When is it to be?"

"In a very short time."

"And the lady?"

"Is present."

"My dear Miss Rupell!" said Mrs. Temple.

I never saw any one blush as Ruth did—up to her temples and down to her very fingers' ends—then she grew as pale as she had been red, and looked towards Lord Carrick. He answered her look by a smile. The color rushed into her face again, again she grew pale, and putting her hand slowly to her side, her head drooped, and she fainted away. Such a shower of exclamations as there was! Mrs. Temple was loud in her expression of wonder. "Persons who have affections of the heart are liable to such attacks," was his lordship's explanation. She came to her senses almost immediately upon application of the proper remedies, and was sent home in the Temple's carriage. As the carriage disappeared, I rushed to the "Refuge" to think over what had happened, but all my thoughts resolved themselves into this sentence, mentally repeated again and again—"Lord Carrick is to marry Ruth Rupell." After I had said this to myself about a hundred times, I added to myself, "And Eleanor Rupell has been fooled."

It is pleasant to sit down and say to one's self—I have been made a fool of—very pleasant. I found it so; and while I was mentally engaged myself, a member of the Inquisition, putting Lord Carrick to the torture, a shadow fell across my lap. I looked up, and there he was before me!

"I have come to finish what I began to say to you the other day," he said. "I love you—and will you be my bridesmaid? I see you have been mistaken, as well as Ruth."

"I did not faint away."

"No. She loves me, and you do not. But I think you will."

"Do you? When?"

"When we are married. Listen. I have but a short time in which to speak. You must have thought my silence very strange. But, Ruth saw all; made me speak, and—threatened to kill you."

"To kill me?" My horror, my dread of Ruth, and belief in her power of evil were such that I rose instinctively to fly.

"I had to persuade her that I had given up all thought of you. I couldn't get near you to warn you, for fear of arousing her suspicions; but now I take the first time that I can tell my own in these few days to you to leave England with me as my wife."

I steadied myself on my feet. I was conscious of but two things—Ruth wished to kill me, Lord Carrick to marry me. By doing the last, I should escape the first. "When?" I asked.

"To night. What do you say?"

"Yes. Aunt Julia?"

"We cannot take her into our confidence until afterward. It would not be safe."

"No; Ruth might—"

"I shall not feel that you are safe until I get you out of England. Then I can watch over you, and from that time it will be my pleasure, as well as my duty."

"You are not going? Don't leave me; pray, don't leave me!"

"Not if you will come to the Church with me now. I told the Reverend Doctor I might have some business for him, and he promised to wait my pleasure."

In half an hour from that time I became Lady Carrick. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE IRON DUKE.—Great misapprehension prevails concerning the origin of this sobriquet. The fact is it arose out of the building of an iron steamboat which plied between Liverpool and Dublin, and which its owners called "The Duke of Wellington." The term Iron Duke was first applied to the vessel; and by-and-by, rather in jest than in earnest, it was transferred to the Duke himself. It had no reference whatever, certainly at the outset, to any peculiarities, or assumed peculiarities, in the Duke's disposition.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—A lady writes to the London Standard, saying that scarlet fever and kindred diseases may be treated successfully by means of the Turkish bath. One of her children, aged four, being attacked by scarlet fever, was wheeled in a perambulator to Turkish bath, and was much better when she returned home. For four successive mornings she underwent the same process, and the progress of the disease was rapid and satisfactory. In the meantime, this amiable lady, while curing her own child, spread the scarlet fever over London, where it is still raging to an alarming degree.

THE TERRITORIAL LEGISLATURE OF WYOMING.—has passed a bill, and the Governor has signed it, according to women the right to vote on the same condition as men. It is hinted, however, that it is a little dodge to induce females to emigrate to the territory, the article being dreadfully scarce out there! But this action of the Legislature unfortunately is not final. It must be approved by Congress, which will bring the whole subject of woman suffrage before that body. In the meantime, Wyoming, Mrs. Stanton, &c., to emigrate to.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—We see it stated that Eliza Green, convicted of setting fire to the court house at Kingsport, Preston Co., W. Va., was allowed to choose hanging or imprisonment for life, and selected the former. Judgment was accordingly pronounced, the time for execution being fixed for Jan. 28.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—Two couples indulged in a waltzing match at Pittsburg, Pa., the other evening, for a prize. They kept up the dance for five hours, when one of the ladies fainted. The girls had to have their shoes cut from their feet, and their limbs were swollen next day to an enormous size.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the cost may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium issue) \$1.00; Two copies (and one extra) \$1.00; Four copies (and one extra) \$1.00; Eight copies (and one extra) \$1.00; One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, \$1.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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Our subscribers whose terms expire at the end of the year, would oblige us very much by renewing their subscriptions as early as possible. They would thus prevent the delay in forwarding their papers, which is apt to occur at the beginning of the new year, owing to the large amount of work which is thrown at that time upon our clerks. It would also have a tendency to prevent those mistakes which often result from a great pressure of business.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE FAMILY DOOM; OR, THE SIN OF A COUNTESS. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR JANUARY. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE OLD GUARD FOR JANUARY. Published by Van Evrie, Horton & Co., New York.

MIRTHFULNESS AND ITS EXCITERS; OR, RATIONAL LAUGHTER AND ITS PROMOTERS. By B. F. CLARK, Pastor of the Congregational Church, North Chelmsford, Mass., from 1838 to 1869. Mirth and laughter are promotive both of health and of body. Probably a man who could make the people of these United States laugh ten times where they now do once, would do more good than fifty moral-reform societies and half the physicians to boot. Americans will never become a round and wholesome people until they learn to take life more cheerfully, not to say merrily. The present volume seems to be full of pleasant and mirth-inspiring anecdotes, and is doubtless just such a book as it is good to have lying around. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

OLD AND NEW. Still another Magazine of the first class—devoted to a consideration of all important questions. The January number, the first, now before us, contains articles by Fred. Ingman, H. W. Bellows, Robert Collier, J. F. Clarke, Mrs. Howe, &c. Published by H. O. Houghton & Co., Boston; and also for sale by the Central News Company, 503 Chestnut St., Phila.

THE AMERICAN HORTICULTURAL ANNUAL. The AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL ANNUAL. Both of these are published by Orange Judd & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

At last, after he had travelled hundreds of miles, going often by night as well as by day, he found the lost angel of his youth. Words cannot picture the scene of the meeting, and over it we kindly draw a veil. In a moment, as it were, the history of their lives went in review before them, and the sad parting of forty-five years ago was again a living reality in their sight. The many years of their separation had not dimmed their affection for each other, and a bright and happy future seemed dawning upon them. The story of the woman was one of long toil and suffering. After ten years of wedded life her husband had died of lingering disease, leaving three children.

One after another of these treasures was claimed by death, until alone and friendless she was left to battle with the world. For a time the thought of one whose picture was over in her heart gave her some encouragement and strength; but at length she experienced bitter despair, and to death alone she looked for relief. In such circumstances was she found by one who renewed the pledges of his youthful affection, and asked that her happiness might devote the remainder of his life. Such was the grandfather's story at the happy Thanksgiving dinner, and he closed by saying that one week from that day he was to be married to her who had been so long lost, but who was at length restored to him.

The preparations for the marriage are now in progress, and nothing will be spared to make the occasion one of the happiest possible. Relatives and friends, in large numbers, are to be present, many of them to come a long distance, and bright and numerous are the anticipations of pleasure.

The grandfathers feels himself very young, and he often amuses himself by telling them what he proposes to do "when he gets old."

"Why don't the girls go West?" is the question asked by a correspondent of the Boston Journal, who cites statistics to prove that in Ohio there is an excess of 40,000 men, in Michigan 40,000 in California 143,000, and in other states similar proportions. In Massachusetts, on the contrary, there are 36,000 more women than men; in New Hampshire 6,500; in Rhode Island 6,000, and in Connecticut 7,800. The total excess in New England of females over males is 48,000. Perhaps the unmated will find in these figures convincing arguments,

Evangeline Nowhere.

THE COMING YEAR.
THREE MONTHS GRATIS
TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

In THE POST of October 2d, we commenced a new and brilliant Novelet written by one of the most talented of our lady authors. It is entitled

A Family Falling.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "How a Woman Had Her Way," &c.

We are also now publishing
George Canterbury's Will.
By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," &c.

These will be followed by the following (among other) Novelets:

Under a Bar.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Out Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonia's Mystery.
By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.
By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelet
By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?
By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Falling," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Prescott, Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLERS, SCRIBES, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. It was engraved in England, at a cost of \$2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full (\$2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

We make the following Special Offer to New Subscribers. We shall begin the subscriptions of all new subscribers for 1870 with the paper of October 2, which contains the commencement of Miss Prescott's new and brilliant Novelet, "A FAMILY FAILING," until the large extra edition of that date is exhausted. This will be thirteen papers in addition to the regular weekly numbers for 1870, or fifteen months in all! When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all new subscribers for 1870 shall be entered on our list the very week they are received. Of course those who send in their names early will receive the full number of extra papers.

At the present date we have a large number of the back papers to October 2d still on hand.

This offer applies to all new subscribers, single or in clubs. And our Club terms are very low, as compared with other first-class literary weeklies, that clubs should be obtained with the greatest ease. And the getting up of a club of five or over, gets not only the Premium Engraving for his trouble, but a free copy of the paper also.

While we offer thus a special inducement to new subscribers, our old subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and in the case of getting up clubs—and therefore it is to their interest to speak a good word for us to their friends. And in proportion as patronage is extended to us, are we able to make THE POST more and more worthy of their support.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getting-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

FRONT PICTURES.

Pictures on the window,
Painted by Jack Frost,
Coming at the midnight,
With the moon are lost.
Here a row of fir trees,
Standing straight and tall;
There a rapid river,
And a waterfall.

Here a branch of coral
From the briny sea;
There a weary traveller
Resting 'neath a tree.
Here a grand old iceberg
Floating slowly on:
There the mighty forest
Of the torrid zone.

Here a swamp all tangled,
Rushes, ferns and brake;
There a rugged mountain,
Here a little lake.
Thus a breath, the lightest
Floating on the air,
Jack Frost catches quickly,
And imprints it there.

And thus you are painting,
Little children, too,
On your life's fair window
Always something new.
But your little pictures
Will not pass away,
Like those Jack Frost's fingers
Paint each winter day.

O, they will be lasting
As God's book of truth,
Whether made by Willie,
Johnnie, May or Ruth;
And your little pictures,
Each its story tells,
Of the good or evil
Which within you dwells.

Each kind word or action
Is a picture bright;
Every duty mastered
Is lovely in the light;
But each thought of anger,
Every word of strife,
Blemishes the picture,
Stains the glass of life.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNN," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XXV.
AT THE FESTIVE BOARD.

The crowded and prolonged season gave no signs yet of drawing to a close. If the spring had been cold and dull, the summer was lovely. London was very full; Hyde-park shown with beauty; frivolity reigned everywhere.

Amidst the gayety of the gay were Captain and Mrs. Dawkes. In their fine mansion in Belgrave, the lease of which had been recently purchased, they reigned a king and queen of fashion, entertaining frequently the world, regardless of cost. From the state and expense kept up, by the way the money was squandered right and left, it might have been thought their purse was without end. The most absurd stories of Mrs. Canterbury's wealth had flown about, and society deemed her revenues to be at least regal. Possibly in her inexperience she fancied them so herself.

The Captain was in clover. Unlimited wealth, and a high position amidst his fellow men, had been the dream of his ambition from boyhood. A dream of fancy, however, rather than of hope; for Barnaby Dawkes had never thought to be more wealthy than Mrs. Garston's money would have made him. And even that he had not looked upon as certainty. Although Kesiab and others had told him he was sure to succeed to the old lady's inheritance, in his own heart there had always lain a doubt of it. She herself had never led him to expect it.

never by a single hint; on the contrary, words had many a time fallen from her lips from which he knew he might draw a totally opposite deduction. And therefore Mr. Barnaby could never in reality plead expectations as an excuse for the spendthrift ways he took up. But what was Mrs. Garston's moderate wealth compared to this that he had come into by his marriage with Miss Canterbury? Barnaby Dawkes estimated that now much as he did a few ashes from his cigar. He could at length afford to snap his fingers at the old lady; and did so metaphorically.

To marry Barnaby Dawkes was an imprudent step of Mrs. Canterbury's; to marry him in the haste she did, and without any kind of settlement, was imprudent terrible. For see you not that by so doing all moneys, not secured to her separate use by her first husband, passed into his power? Reviewing this desirable fact in his mind while he shaved, the morning after his marriage, complacently regarding himself in the glass, the Captain called it a "godsend." Possibly; but he had not the sense to foresee that to a man of his lavish tastes and self-indulgent habits it might prove a dangerous one. He paid his debts,—more were they, than the world or Kesiab knew; of her re-purchased into the army; he flung money about as inclination dictated, without the slightest stint; and he and his wife, quitting the Rock, set up their gorgeous tent in Belgrave for the season, to live on the scale of Princes.

They were a fashionable couple in other respects as well, politely indifferent to each other, rather than cordial. That Caroline had found out her mistake in marrying him was only too probable; and the very listlessness in which her days were passed caused her to enter the more eagerly into gaiety. If she repented, she did not show it; woman-like, she buried it within her breast; and talked, and dressed, and laughed, and was the gayest of the gay. She liked the life; possessing, in point of fact, an innate genius for it. A late breakfast in the morning, she and Barnaby lounging over it together, glancing at their plans for the day, and picking out the most agreeable ways of killing time; very fine and fashionable both, in look and manner and speech, and intensely heartless; he away afterwards, she devouring some charming novel; a few select morning callers; a grand luncheon, taken nearly always in company; the real visiting and being visited; then going out to buy dress and flowers and sweetmeats—anything attractive that shop display; the Park next; dinner (always a gorgeous one), out or at home; the opera and evening assemblies;

and to bed in the morning sunlight. This was the life; it was, in fact, nothing but a whirl of excitement, and both Captain and Mrs. Dawkes thought it paradise. He, of course, had other pursuits—billiards and wine-drinking and gambling.

But it is not entirely of Captain and Mrs. Dawkes that this chapter must treat. Looking on at all this extravagance and gaiety were the inmates of a house in a less fashionable quarter, but not so very far removed either; and that was Mrs. Dunn's, Paradise-square. Mrs. Dunn had her two sisters staying with her—Olivia and Millicent Canterbury. It was natural that they should see all this lavish waste of money, their money, with grievous heart-burning. Yes, their money; they could not but look upon it as theirs still of right, for they had been born to it. Who were these strangers, these interlopers, Caroline Dawkes and Barnaby her husband, that they should be revelling in the sisters' birthday? Olivia and Millicent did not suffer their lips to put the question even to each other. Mrs. Dunn, less reticent, asked it a dozen times a day. But, like many another bitter wrong, it had to be endured, for there was no remedy; and two of them, at least, strove to make the best of it.

The two houses kept up a show of friendship. Stay; not friendship, acquaintance. Miss Canterbury willed it so. It was better, she urged; and, after all, what good would be gained by showing resentment? Millicent, following her eldest sister's lead always, acquiesced without a word. Mrs. Dunn grumbly yielded; not to comply with Olivia's advice, but because in her courtesy she would see a little further into Captain and Mrs. Dawkes, and Captain and Mrs. Dawkes's menage. So all had been exchanged twice or thrice, and now there was going to be a dinner. Caroline felt a kind of uneasiness in their presence always, her husband none. Indeed, he personally could not be charged with offence to them.

The fine June day was drawing, like the month itself, to a close, as Kesiab Dawkes picked her way across the watery streets of Belgrave to her brother's residence. However gratified Barnaby Dawkes might be with the substantial good resulting from his marriage, Kesiab was less so. In the abstract she had not wished her brother to marry at all; she felt, to this hour, the keen pang that shot across her heart the evening that he had first spoken of Belle Annesley as his possible future wife; for Kesiab loved him jealously. But when Barnaby cast his covetous eyes on the wealthy Mrs. Canterbury, and sent for Kesiab to help him scheme to get her, she had entered into it with her whole spirit. What preëmpt good Kesiab pictured to result from it for herself, she never said; but she certainly looked for a great deal. And she was feeling disappointed, for as yet the good had not come. To be welcomed as an inmate of this Bulgarian mansion she had had confidently anticipated; but she had not got there yet. In point of fact, Mrs. Dawkes did not like Kesiab, and she told her husband that she would not have her there. Kesiab thought she might have taken the reins into his own hands; and she intended to suggest it to him. Reaching the door, she gave a knock and then a ring; and a smart footman, in the smart Canterbury livery, appeared.

"Is Captain Dawkes at home?"

"No, mam."

"Mrs. Dawkes?"

"Mrs. Dawkes has not come in yet, mam. There's nobody within but Mrs. Kagi."

Kesiab felt a little surprised.

"Mrs. Kagi? Is she here?"

"She come up three or four days ago, mam," said the man. "I think she is in her room, a being dressed for dinner."

"I will wait," said Kesiab.

Making herself at home in the house, as she chose always to do, she turned into the dining-room. The table was already laid, and for several people.

"There's a dinner party to-day, I see," observed Kesiab quickly, the beautiful glass and silver glittering in her eyes like so many diamonds.

"Not much of a party, mam; a family assemblage, I believe," answered the servant, who minded his words affectingly like some of his betters. "The Misses Canterbury is to dine with us, and one or two more."

Kesiab passed into a small room that her brother called his "study." Pipes and pistols, and such-like curiosities lay about; but of materials for other kinds of study there appeared to be none. She sat down by the window, which had a lively prospect of the back yard.

"When my brother comes in, say that I am waiting here to see him," she said.

And the man left her.

Captain Dawkes and his wife arrived together. He had been driving her in the Park. As Mrs. Dawkes passed upstairs, the servant delivered the message to his master.

"Well, Kesiab," said the Captain, beginning to unbutton his gloves slowly as he entered.

Kesiab shook hands with him. Since the marriage her manners had become, perhaps unconsciously, more formal. Time was when her only greeting to him had been a loving kiss.

"I have been waiting for you every evening for a week past, Barnaby," she began, some resentment in her tone. "You promised to come and talk one or two things over with me."

"Awfully sorry for it," said the Captain, with a great show of repentance. "Haven't been able to come, pon honor."

Kesiab took her bonnet string in one hand and stroked it with the other,—habit she had when in deep thought,—while her eyes were fixed reproachfully on Barnaby.

"The matters must be talked of between us, Barnaby, for my sake, if not for yours. I have never thought but of you through life; but I—I must consider a little for myself now."

"To-morrow, or next day, I'll come for certain, Kesiab. We get up awfully late here, and the morning's gone before one can look round."

"I suppose that is in consequence of your going to bed late?" said Kesiab, alluding to the getting up. "I am out of my bed at eight every morning in the year."

"Jolly freazing that, in winter!" remarked the gallant Captain. "Look here, you'll stay to dinner. Go up and take your bonnet off."

"You have a party to-day, and I am not dressed for it."

"A party? No. The Canterburys, and Duns, and Tom Kagi. Don't think there'll be anybody else. No need of particular dress for them."

"I did think you would have asked me to come here and stay a few days with you, Barnaby," she broke forth, the sore feeling

finding vent at last. "It would be a relief after my poor lodgings."

"Fact is, Caroline objects to have people staying with her," spoke the Captain with indifference.

"You might invite me."

"I'll see later. No time to think about things. Hands full of engagements always. You'll stay to dinner, though?"

"Barnaby, do you ever look back to the old days?" she asked in a low tone, her gray, hard face bent forward with an expression of intense pain. "when you and I struggled on together, with very few comforts and no dainties, and you went in fear of your liberty? Do you ever recall that time?"

"Why, on earth, should I?" demanded the Captain. "I'm only too glad to send it amidst the hygones. What's the matter with you, Kesiab?"

The matter with her! Kesiab Dawkes was only learning the hard lesson that many another woman has had to learn. His turn served, the wealth and position he had coveted his at last, Barnaby Dawkes's entire selfishness displayed itself in its true colors. He cared no more for the sister who had sacrificed so much for him than he did for the rest of the world. Self it had always been with Barnaby; self it would be to the end.

"I did think you might have liked to have me for a short while in your house, Barnaby, now that you have one worth coming to," she said a little plaintively.

"Ah—tell you, got no time to think about it just now, Kesiab," was the supremely independent answer. "Such a lot to do to do now always. You shall come and stay with us at the Rock."

A gracious promise apparently, but not a sincere one. Barnaby's private belief was, that his wife would no more have Kesiab at the Rock than she would have in Belgrave.

For himself it was a matter of nearly perfect indifference; of the two, he would rather prefer Kesiab's room to her company.

"O Barnaby! what a splendid diamond!"

Captain Dawkes did most things with the dawdling slowness of a man of fashion, and he had by this time got off one of his gloves. A diamond on the third finger of his right hand flashed in the light.

"Rather nice," acquiesced the Captain listlessly, as if diamonds were as common with him now as debts once were. "It's a little too large; got to wear it on this finger; shall have it taken in."

"It must have been a priceless diamond," remarked Kesiab.

"No; cheap, for what it is. Gave three hundred and fifty for it. Saw it by accident at Garrard's the other day, and nailed it on the spot. Ordered a set of studs to match; doubt if they'll get 'em as fine as—My dear, what's the matter?"

For Mrs. Dawkes had come into the room in a kind of commotion. She did not at first see Kesiab, and began to speak very rapidly.

"Did you ever know anything like mamma? She says she is going to dine at table, and is getting up for it in a low dress.—O, how do you do, Kesiab?"

"I was telling Kesiab to take her bonnet off and stay to dinner," remarked the Captain. "Not dressed for it, she answers: as if that mattered!"

"O, don't think of your dress," said Caroline graciously. "But about mamma, Barnaby: what's to be done?"

"Let her dine at the table if she wants to," was Barnaby's comment.

"But she'll look—she'll look—such an object," returned Mrs. Dawkes, hesitating to apply the word to her mother, but finding no ready substitute.

most solemn duty that can be assigned to us in this world. Very few fulfill it as they ought."

"How earnest you are in this!" she involuntarily exclaimed.

"Because my mother trained me," he whispered. "Caroline, for your boy's sake, I beseech you look to it."

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dunn had arrived when they got back to the drawing-room; also two gentlemen invited by Captain Dawkes. The butler was coming up to announce dinner.

"Mind, Thomas, you go in with me," said Mrs. Dawkes, hurriedly, as she went forward to shake hands with Sarah Dunn.

"And your young inmate, Belle Anneley?" she asked. "I wrote word that we hoped to see her."

"She is past going out to dinner now, Caroline," was Mrs. Dunn's answer. "She gets weaker and weaker."

"Poor girl! When does she start for the West Indies?"

"I fear, never. I fear she will not live for it."

"Is she so ill as that?" exclaimed Caroline, all sympathy. "What can have induced it?"

Mrs. Dunn said nothing. Her eyes chanced to meet those of Thomas Kage; both could have answered what had they chosen.

After all, Thomas Kage did not take first place, as proposed. There appeared to be so much difficulty in getting down Mrs. Kage and her fan, that he went to Fry's assistance. Her poor legs were dropping beneath her at every stair, but she was landed in safety. He took a seat by her; no one would have smoothed difficulties for him as he did; Caroline was tolerably content that it should be so, and had another gentleman to her side in his place. But a sharp cloud passed momentarily over her brow when she saw that Thomas Kage had Millcent Canterbury on his other hand, and that they appeared to be on terms of assured friendship.

What a display it was!—the fantastic, shaking puppet at the festive board, amidst the lights and the flowers and the gala dresses! A death-head, more than anything else, by contrast, looked she. The shaking fork rattled against the shaking teeth, the food fell, the wine was spilled; and she, poor thing, strove to make a pretence of being juvenile with the rest, and tapped Thomas Kage's arm with her fan, and thought she was flirting with him. He did his best to cover their deficiencies, and got very little dinner for his pains; but she was a pitiable object, tottering on the edge of the grave.

Was it for this that she had schemed and plotted, and lost the favor of good men? Had her grasping and her basely-acquired wealth brought her no other or better reward? The means and the end were in fitness with each other; and Mrs. Kage in horrible fitness with them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TELLING FORTUNES.

BY ALICE CARY.

"Be not among wine-bibbers, among riotous eaters of flesh; for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."—Proverbs, 23: 20, 21.

I'll tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad, For you to accept or refuse; The one of them good, the other one bad; Now hear them and say which you choose.

I see by my gifts, within reach of your hand, A fortune right fair to behold; A house and a hundred good acres of land, With harvest fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, the boughs hanging down With apples, russet and red;

I see droves of cattle, some white and some brown,

But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see droves of swallows about the barn door,

See the fanning mill whirling so fast;

I see them thrashing wheat on the floor— And now the bright picture has past!

And I see rising dimly up in the place Of the beautiful house and the land, A man with a fire-red nose on his face, And a little brown jug in his hand!

Oh, if you beheld him, my lad, you would wish

That he were less wretched to see;

For his boot toes they gape like the mouth of a fish,

And his trowsers are out at the knee!

In walking he staggers, now this way, now that;

And his eyes they stand out like a bug's;

And he wears an old coat and a battered-in hat,

And I think that the fault is the jug's.

For the text says the drunkard shall come to be poor,

And that drowsiness clothes men with rage,

And he doesn't look much like a man, I am sure,

Who has honest hard cash in his bags.

Now which will you have? To be thrifty and snug,

And to be right side up with your dish;

Or go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug, And your shoes like the mouth of a fish!

A New Orleans wife, left at home one evening by her husband who "had business down town," accepted a friend's escort to the theatre. The fates decreed that her husband should occupy the next seat, with another lady, the occasion of his urgent business. As soon as the wife made the discovery, she leaned over and whispered viciously:—"Charles, who is that husky you have with you?" "A sister of that fellow you have with you?" There was no need of further explanation.

Children not unfrequently get things much mixed.

"Do you like Bible stories?" asked one little fellow of another.

"Yes; Aunt Suie tells them to me."

"Then get her to tell you about Solomon's swallowing the whale."

E When a person has got so far as to accuse the sidewalk of trying to throw him down, it is time to go home.

AS THOU WILT.

It is so sweet to live
My little life to-day
That I would never leave it, if
I might forever stay!
I sometimes say.

I am so weary, Lord.
I would lie down for aye,
Could I but hear Thee speak the word;
"Thy sins are washed away!"
I sometimes say.

The better mood that lies
These moods between midway,
Comes softly, and I lift my eyes,
"Lord, as Thou wilt!" I pray;
And would alway.

—Harriet M'Even Kimball.

A MEXICAN LEGEND.

We had taken our night's rest at La Pesta, and at four o'clock in the morning, with eyes still worn down with sleep, took our places in the diligence, and sped away from the beautiful green valley, to the barren plains and brown hills beyond.

We were to breakfast at San Juan de los Lagos; so, when about twelve o'clock it was pointed out to us, lying in a valley almost at our feet, we looked at it with admiring interest. Irrespective of the thought of breakfast which was connected with it, it was indeed a beautiful spot. It lies in a perfect basin, the bed—says history—of a large lake, which was suddenly drained by a great eruption of the volcano of Colima, several hundred miles distant. This may account for the name, as there are certainly no lakes there now to give rise to it. The whole formation of the surrounding country supports this legend; but we had not much time to observe this, so much was our attention allured by objects that appealed more directly to our feelings.

There were innumerable small crosses of wood or stone, which stood on either side of the road, with the regularity and grimness of sentinels, and, to one who knew they were the sentinels of death, they presented a most solemn and terrible aspect. Invariably the hands of the gentlemen closed upon their weapons, and the ladies whisperingly asked if there were many robbers here.

"At present, no," said Don Luis, the chief authority in such matters, "though, of course, it's always well to be upon one's guard. It is in carnival time, however, that these crosses multiply the fastest. Look at the town; is it not beautiful?"

We looked, but as the diligence spun like lightning down the steep decline, we caught only uncertain glimpses of an enchanting mixture of white houses, green trees, running water, and brilliant sunshine, and, above all, the tall spires of a church, whose lovely forms at once caught and riveted the attention.

"Splendid! aren't they?" said Don Luis. "Isn't it a pity that they are made the occasion of so much plunder and murder? It really does seem as if there is a curse upon them; and yet, in spite of all, thousands yearly flock to kneel at the consecrated shrine of that church, and scores—yes hundreds—lose their lives by their devotion, and few, indeed, reach their homes without being stripped of their goods. The first appearance of a pilgrimage upon this mountain road is the signal for the gathering of banditti from the neighboring hills. But look at the towers again. Are they not beautiful?—and as the church is one of the prettiest in Mexico, I advise you to make a hurried breakfast, and go to see it. And when we are again upon the road, if you would like to hear it, I will tell you the legend which, in a great degree, leads to the yearly pilgrimage and its attendant horrors."

"We will certainly go to the church," we said, as the coach suddenly plunged upon the level ground of the valley, and all but a confused mass of houses and trees, and the ever-present crosses was lost to view. These last were even more plentiful than ever upon a magnificent stone bridge which spanned the wide, but almost dry river, and which served to connect two busy parts of the town.

We were glad to lose sight of them for a few moments in the breakfast-room of the diligence-house; and then throwing shawls over our heads, we hurried through the narrow and sunny streets to visit the famous church. Suddenly we came upon a large open square, and at the head of it, occupying the whole of one side by its noble front, and raised some thirty feet, was the building.

We stood for a moment at the base of the magnificent flight of granite steps, and contemplated, with admiration and astonishment, the beautiful, yet severely simple, architecture. The form of every column, door, and window, the shaping of every bended cherub-head, seemed perfect—perhaps all the more so in contrast with those of the many Mexican churches we had lately visited. All had been larger, and most of them far more profusely decorated than this, but none so graceful, so light, so perfect. The towers, piercing the heavens in a succession of fluted pillars, with the most exquisitely carved cornices, were indeed enchanting; and without knowing whether they were perfect, according to any school of art, I knew that nothing had ever impressed me as being so airyly beautiful.

We entered the church, and found it far more simple and elegant than most Catholic churches in Mexico or any other country. But after one look at the lofty, quaintly-painted roof, and the pictures over the altar, we found nothing in them remarkable, and returned to the diligence-house to find the mules already harnessed, and the driver impatiently waiting for us.

"Oh, Don Luis, the towers are lovely!" was our exclamation, as soon as we were seated, and the diligence had rushed at its usual break-neck pace out of the streets of the town and entered upon the more quiet country-roads. "Now, begin then with the 'once upon a time' of all story-tellers, and let me have with you?" "A sister of that fellow you have with you?" There was no need of further explanation.

Children not unfrequently get things much mixed.

"Do you like Bible stories?" asked one little fellow of another.

"Yes; Aunt Suie tells them to me."

"Then get her to tell you about Solomon's swallowing the whale."

The town grew and flourished; and in process of time it was discovered that the little adobe church under the hill was not large enough to hold half of the worshippers.



MODE OF ASCENDING THE PALM TREE IN AFRICA.

Like other and more civilised branches of the human family, the Africans are fond of strong drinks, and, when they have the means, are much addicted to intemperance. The only intoxicating drink of their own production is the palm-wine. This is merely the sap of the palm-tree, obtained by tapping it under the leaves, and suspending a calabash to catch the liquor as it flows. The wine is a pale whitish color, of a sweet but peculiarly bitter taste, and is about as strong as hard cider. The natives increase its bitterness by putting into the wine a root, which probably adds also to the exhilarating qualities of the beverage. Our engraving represents a negro in the act of ascending the palm by means of a rope round his waist, and encircling the trunk of the tree, which supports him as he travels up its branches.

stem, planting his foot on the roughnesses of the bark as he raises his foot to place it higher, throwing the weight of his body on the rope until he again finds a firm footing. The calabash, as our readers will see, is swung from his shoulders, that it may not impede the action of his hands. The palm wine is usually brought out after the principal meal; the large earthenware jar that contains it is placed in the midst of the company; the tuft of leaves that covers it is removed by the woman of the house, who is also obliged to take the first and last draught, to convince the guests that the beverage is not poisoned. But often, instead of having it brought into the house, large parties repair to the woods where the wine is made, and spend the entire afternoon in drinking, often ending in quarrelling and fighting.

he was not to build the church, neither would he listen to those that came for him; and so, gradually, poverty and distress came upon the dreamer and his family.

One day, indeed, he seemed a little roused; for, walking towards the site of the new church, he saw that it was built after his own designs. "They have stolen my work and my fame from me," he thought, bitterly; but, it spite of his anger, he continued to visit the spot as if fascinated, until, he who had built half of the houses in San Juan de los Lagos, was continually regretting that he could find nothing more worthy to employ his skill and ingenuity upon.

"Now," thought the padre, "if we can only agree as to how the work should be done, Pablo will be the very man to do it."

But this was the very thing they could not agree upon; and the more they talked it over, the more they disagreed. Pablo was bent upon a form and style of building entirely unheard of by the worthy padre; still, he was not so blind as not to see many of its advantages. But the towers—O, heaven! the towers—who ever beheld such a heathenish contrast to the square, white blocks—dear to his memory—fluted columns, and capitals, and wreaths! Who ever heard of such a jargon, of such nonsense, of such a waste of money! What would be left, indeed, to provide pictures and candles for the altar, if all should be expended in trompey carvings and heathenish columns and capitals?

"And don't you suppose?" exclaimed Pablo, drawing himself up to his full eight feet of stature—for there were giants in Mexico in those days—"don't you suppose the blessed Virgin has sense enough to be better pleased with sculpture than with candles? Do you think, then, the insufferable smell of tallow can be so sweet to her?"

"Irreverent scoffer!" cried the padre, looking at the enraged giant. "Go thy ways; thou shalt build neither the church nor its towers. Get thee hence, lest the curse of the church fall upon thee."

So Pablo went out, with the great object of his life defeated; which was, to build a church which should be the glory of his native town, and the admiration of the entire country. He went out, and felt that his heart was broken. He had had troubles before; he had lost the wife of his youth, and four of his six children had followed her to the grave. Yet no other trouble had equalled the sorrow and despair with which he looked upon the broken dream of his life. Never, never should he work into enduring stone the lovely images which his brain had created. Never should he be famous. Oh, what a poor, miserable, fallen worm he felt himself!—this giant, with the strength of a dozen men and the stature of a god.

He went to his home, hopelessly miserable. For the first time in his life he was a terror to his household. He bent his head in shame before his mother, and wept bitterly at the sight of his children. Then, at other times he waxed fierce, and called upon earth and heaven to witness his sorrow; and so it began to be whispered about that Pablo Gonzales was mad, and people look askance at him as they passed the door where he sat thinking, thinking, all day long; and his mother began to think like them, and to pray for a grave, instead of glory, for her son.

Pablo Gonzales was poor, and his old mother and young children were sometimes sorely pressed for food; but he never thought of seeking work after he knew that

And with some dim thoughts of woman's inconsistency, he went out, in a very bad humor, to tell his men that he had been warned in a dream not to attempt to build towers to the church; and then, in high dudgeon, set them to work upon another part.

But this was not the only thing that interfered with the building of the church. The men came from the limestone quarry, and told him that, one by one, the immense blocks of stone which they had hewn for the pillars of the doors and windows had been carried away.

At first, the padre laughed at these reports. Then he alternately prayed in public and swore in private; and at last the service of exorcism was repeated at the quarry, but, just as at the church, without the least effect; the thefts were continued; and though several pillars had been hewn from the rock, not one remained with which to corroborate the church.

Never had priest or layman so much trouble to build a church; never labored any mortal with such patience as this poor padre; yet he could succeed in nothing, and he was almost sinking into despair, when, awakening one morning, he looked from his window, and saw such a sight, that, forgetful of that decorum necessary not only to the priest, but the layman, he rushed across the street in his night attire, and gazed in wonder and ecstasy at his church.

Upon the right-hand corner, from whence his unsightly square of adobes had been thrown down, stood a foundation of stone, exquisitely cut and polished, and upon this a circle of exquisite pillars, the bases of which were sculptured with fruits and flowers, and the capitals with angels' heads peeping forth from wreaths of leaves.

It seemed, indeed, as if the Virgin had taken the padre at his word, and had sent angel bands to complete his work. Within an hour, all the inhabitants of the town, and, indeed, of the whole valley, were gathered before the half-completed church, gazing with admiration and awe upon the miracle that had been worked there. But as soon as their awe had been slightly superseded by curiosity, it was with the greatest difficulty that he could prevent the tower from sharing the fate of the others. It seemed, indeed, to be doomed to destruction, so anxious were the people to possess themselves of some small portion of the heavenly handiwork. But the padre argued, with a great show of reason, that it wasn't at all likely that the Virgin and the saints were going to sculpturize pillars and capitals only to be destroyed; and promised all the terror of the Church upon the daring mortal who should as much as lay a hand upon the precious stones.

They heard, and grumbled a little, but nevertheless obeyed; and although no sentinels were placed over the tower, not a stone of them was touched. One by one, at intervals of weeks, other pillars were added, and more and more beautiful grew the structure.

It certainly was the saying of a great exponent. It cost nothing but the hewing of the great limestone blocks: for these, one by one, continued to disappear from the quarry. But still it was not comfortable to live where this mysterious work was going on: to hear, night after night, the click of hammers, and the sighs and groans, as of laboring men, and yet to see nothing!

The padre was not a brave man. Indeed, he had never even pretended to himself to be; yet he at last resolved to discover, if possible, this mystery. True, he was deterred for some time from doing so by the tale of one of his parishioners, who, much bolder than himself, had stationed himself in the tower, one night, and after long watching and waiting, was suddenly seized upon by some unseen force, and hurled to the ground, where he was found, stunned and bleeding, in the morning.

The padre resolved to be more careful than this man; to say his prayers all the time; and, above all, not to ascend the tower, but to watch at the foot of it.

At midnight he stole silently forth from his house. He looked eagerly around. He saw, he heard nothing. "Yes, listen!—what was that? A faint reverberation, as of mighty blows! The Angel Host were at work. But where? He saw nothing, and the blows

street, across the crazy wooden bridge which then spanned the river, and on still farther; first along the river side, and then toward the hill, where lay the quarry.

But he did not go to the quarry. He stopped some rods before it, and suddenly, with one moment's exercise of the great strength which again seemed to animate him, tore aside a great stone, and revealed to his mother's astonished gaze a small cavern. It had evidently been once much larger, but it was now almost full of blocks and chips of stone, and upon them lay two pillars, the fac-similes of those of which the famous towers were formed—two pillars which would complete the structure.

A sudden revelation filled his mother's soul. She stood there spell-bound. She saw him begin his work, saying gravely, there was nothing like sunlight for such delicate touchings. She heard him direct an imaginary throng of men to do this or that, and then complete the work himself, while he merely thought himself directing others. She saw him at last stand before his newly completed work, with ecstasy in his wide, wide-open eyes, and then, complaining that he could see no longer, for the sun was setting, say him come out into the early dawn, and, calling "Adios, Pase—adios, Padre," to imaginary companions, close the stones against the opening of the cavern, and walk slowly and painfully home. She saw him enter his room, and undress, and go to bed, saying he would rest before eating; and then she saw again commence a day of heavy dreamless sleep—his night.

And then, as mothers generally do, she bore her glory and her grief to God, and then rushed to the priest to tell him what she had seen.

He was astounded. He could not believe. He could believe in the miracle of angels turned builders, sooner than that Pablo Gonzales had done this gigantic work alone. True, now that he came to think of it, the towers were exactly after the plan Pablo had shown him; and besides, he was a man of immense strength, and, it was said, had in his younger days, lifted, and even carried weights as great as were these pillars. Besides, the work had been in hand more than two years, and the padre had often, in his secret soul, thought that it would have been as well had the heavenly architects finished their work a little more quickly, especially as the rough blocks were always prepared for the pillars, and they had nothing to do but carve and place them. So, the end of it was, that the padre's faith in the angels was a little shaken, and he resolved to obey the old woman's invitation and follow her to the cave that night.

It was late when she came for him, and nearly midnight when the two, accompanied by an old man servant of the priest, stood before the open cave.

The bright moonlight was streaming into it, and lay full upon the two blocks of stone. Pablo was just putting the finishing touches to his work. "A little more light in this angel's eyes," he was saying. "There, there, that is perfect. Thank God, my work is finished!" And then he fell upon his knees in silent prayer, turning his wide-open, yet apparently sightless eyes to Heaven.

"But, boys," he said, "these pillars must be set in their places to day. I've promised that, you know. Heavy!—pooh! They're nothing compared to the others! Steady! There now, that's it!" And, evidently with the belief that he was assisted by a score of men, Pablo Gonzales bent beneath the burden of the great pillar—and walked away.

He carried it to the church as if it had been a child on his back. They saw him, in a manner that was indeed miraculous, ascend the ladder which leaned against the tower, and relieving himself of his burden, begin, with hammer and chisel, mortar and trowel, to put the pillar into a proper and firm position. They saw him complete his work, and then go quietly home, and to his rest.

That day the padre did not sleep, though he had watched all night. He sat beside the bed of Pablo Gonzales, and wondered, and shuddered at his death-like sleep. Once he woke him up and asked him if he never dreamed. At first, Pablo, at sight of him, burst into curses.

"Do I ever dream?" he exclaimed, at last. "Ah! I seem to do nothing but dream; and it is always of the towers! the towers! the towers! Why, I have dreamed this very night that I had built them as I told you I should, and that there was but one pillar wanting to complete them."

"Come, and see if thy dream be not reality," said the padre, gently; but Pablo sprang up furiously.

"Do you dare to mock me?" he cried. "Am I, indeed, so weak and fallen as that?" And then, sinking down upon his bed like a weakly child, he burst into a passion of sobs and tears.

The padre went away, deeply troubled. What was to be done? Nothing—nothing now, at least; and so he waited till night, and then watched through the night, and saw the great work completed.

Saw it completed; and then saw Pablo Gonzales descend into the great square and exultingly give thanks to God; and then, after appearing to dismiss a great number of work-peopple, he turned again with adoring, almost adoring eyes, to the towers he had created.

The sun was beginning to rise. It was, he said, getting very dark; yet still he lingered to look at and admire his work.

"It is finished!—finished!" he said, in ecstasy, again and again. "Oh, my God! Oh, blessed Virgin, and all the Saints, I praise thee! Now, now, indeed, I am content to die. Fame—fame is mine! And what more has the world to give?"

He turned his wide, wide-open eyes upon the rising sun. "What is this I feel?" he said, faintly. "What is this awful nightmare that comes so often over me? Is it death? Must I indeed die, with this cup of glory scarcely tasted?"

The priest and his servant had held the mother back. Other people had gathered round, and restrained her by their wondering looks; but, at these words, she burst from them and rushed to her son.

"No, no, thou shalt not die!" she cried. "Live!—live for glory, for fame, for wealth, and love. Oh, has thou dreamed these towers into existence? Wake, wake, and behold thy work!"

For a moment he stood rigid. Then he sprang from her in sudden affright. "Ah, mother! why hast thou awakened me?" he cried. "I was dreaming!—ah, such dreams!"

And then he sank helplessly down upon the ground, as if it had been a bed. "Ah, to dream to dream once more of such glory! Oh, my God!"

And casting his eyes up to Heaven,

his glance rested upon the towers; and with a sudden energy he sprang to his feet.

"Am I dreaming still?" he cried, in a voice terrible with concentrated energy and power. "Am I ever, ever to have this mocking, mocking dream before me? Waken me! waken me!—in pity, waken me!"

"You are awake, my son, my darling!" said his mother, sobbing, and clinging around his neck. "Look, Pablo! here are the neighbors and friends you used to know."

He looked around him; he felt of his own body; he touched his mother's face and hand. "Yes, yes," he sighed; "I am awake; this is no dream. But the towers, the towers!"

"Towm, in thy sleep, hast built them?" said the padre. "In thy sleep thou hast created this realization of thy dreams. In thy sleep thou hast made thyself Pablo the great, the wonderful!"

Pablo Gonzales looked around him at the wondering people, the towers, the fair sky, and the green earth.

"It is true! It is true!" he cried; "they are my work—my life. Pablo Gonzales has won everlasting fame. He is immortal!"

He sunk to the earth. His massive frame quivered for a moment, and was still. Pablo Gonzales was, indeed, immortal.

"Poor fellow!" sighed one of us; and we all looked back to the towers just fading from the sight. "How sad that he should have died just as a career of wealth and fame was opening before him."

"But, of course, the Church richly endowed his mother and orphans," said another, more carelessly minded.

"Well, indeed!" said Don Luis, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "History seems to think that the family were sufficiently rewarded by the canonization of Pablo." "Indeed," he add'd, "some unchristian deny the story altogether, and say that, although the towers were built at night, it was not done by a single workman, but by a corps of men, under the joint direction of the padre and Pablo Gonzales—and done for the purpose of attaching some mystic attraction to the singularly beautiful towers. Many also affirm that the favorable influences attached to them are mere delusions, and that it was for his impiety that Pablo died; and they say that, even now, misery or death falls upon those who hasten to worship at his shrine."

"Oh! I don't believe a word of that!" said several of us at once; and all looked toward the spot where the towers had been last seen. But the diligence had outran our thoughts, and we were far out of sight of San Juan de los Lagos, and entering upon the high table-lands of Mexico.—*Overland Monthly.*

AFFECTION.

Talk not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted; If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning Back to their spring, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment; That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain. Patience, accomplish thy labor, accomplish thy work of affection! Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike. Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike; Purified, strengthened, perfected, and made more worthy of Heaven!

—Longfellow.

Poisoned by Hair Dye.

Shortly after the death of Dr. J. M. Withersax, which occurred on the 15th of last June, the Scott County Medical Society appointed a committee, consisting of Drs. J. W. H. Baker, Hazen, Farquharson, Cantwell, and French, to investigate the causes which led to his death, it having been the opinion of several medical gentlemen that he died from the effects of lead poison.

The Committee, through Dr. Baker, have prepared the report, in which they unanimously concur in the opinion that the cause of Dr. Withersax's death was rightly surmised, and that the poison was introduced into the system through the use of hair dressing or dye. For four years previous to his demise, Dr. Withersax had used the dressing almost daily on his hair and whiskers, and frequently during the whole period suffered from pains which were similar to those produced by lead colic.

Dr. Hazen and Cantwell each made four separate analyses of the liver of Dr. Withersax and one of the kidneys, and found lead in the tissues of those organs each time. Their report accompanies that of the Committee.

In the report Dr. Baker as chairman cites many instances given in prominent medical works and journals, in which individuals have died from diseases produced by the use of hair dyes, in which symptoms very similar to those manifested in the case of Dr. Withersax were betrayed. Furthermore, it is established that congestion of the brain is not unfrequently produced by these dyes.

It is stated that all the numerous hair dyes in use, except one class, contain lead. The one exception contains nitrate of silver instead of lead, and that, while it does not poison the system, crisps and dries the hair—to its injury, of course.

The lead used on the hair is absorbed by the skin and thence conveyed to the different organs in the body, and effects its work of destruction by poison. The magic combs which are warranted to turn gray hair black, are made of lead, and Dr. Baker cites an instance of the death from lead poison of an individual who used them.

And so the Committee clearly demonstrates the fact that the use of most hair dyes is dangerous to life, producing painful diseases, which sooner or later result in death. Gray hairs are honorable, it is said—and healthy might be added.—*Davenport (Iowa) Gazette.*

New postage stamps are to be issued by the Postoffice Department. The old size will be restored and the designs will be as follows:—One cent, Franklin; two cents, Jackson; three cents, Washington; six cents, Lincoln; ten cents, Jefferson; twelve cents, Clay; fifteen cents, Webster; twenty-four cents, Scott; thirty cents, Hamilton; forty cents, O. H. Perry. Another job for somebody, we suppose.

A farmer in Concord, who is now ninety-two years old, says that the present is the only time in his remembrance when a good load of wood would pay for a good barrel of flour.

Kitty's Rebellion.

BY JENNY GREENWOOD.

On a sultry summer afternoon, some seventeen years ago, little Kitty ran in from her play for a drink of lemonade which stood on the table.

"Please, mamma," said her mother, as she turned the glass.

"Kitty can't say please," replied the little maid.

Now Kitty had said "please" a hundred times, and usually delighted in saying everything she was told. She quite excelled in conversational powers for a year-and-a-half old. For the first time in her short life, she had taken a notion that she would not do as she was bid. So her mother set the glass down again unbroken, and the child ran back to her door step as before. But it was very warm, and presently the little feet came panting back, and the thirsty red lips were again for a drink.

"Kitty, say please."

"Can't say please." So the baby went away thirsting again.

This experiment was repeated perhaps half a dozen times in the course of the afternoon, at first playfully as it seemed, but as the wee rebel began actually to suffer from heat and thirst, rather than say "please" it became a serious question how long she would hold out.

Supper time came, and Pet ran to her high chair.

"Mamma, lift Kitty up!"

"Please, mamma, lift Kitty," said her mother, gently.

Instantly the eager little face fell. Baby shook her head—muttered "can't say please," and turned away. Her father and mother and the rest of the children sat down to the table, but who could eat supper while that poor little outlaw stood back by the wall moaning with hunger and thirst! The mother yearned to take her in her arms and give her food and drink; but how could she? The little one knew that one dutiful word would bring her all she wanted, yet she refused to speak it. The question was fairly at issue—should the child obey the parents, or the parents submit to the child? It is an old and common dilemma, and in thousands of households the child carries the day; but Mrs. Hart did not believe God meant that to be the order of the world. So she took her baby to her own room, and set before her very tenderly and seriously her naughty behavior. She knelt down and prayed the Saviour to make her good and obedient; but after all Kitty could not say "please" any better than before. At length, distressed and tired, and fairly alarmed about the little creature, who had not tasted drink since noon, she carried her to her father and begged him to take the case in hand. Mr. Hart began to talk with the young culprit playfully, nothing doubting he should soon bring her round. He gave her a great many words to speak, which she did all very readily till the troublesome word "please" came along; that she could not do. Year-and-a-half understood that to say that was to submit. So he grew serious, and told her he should have to whip her if she did not mind. Now Kitty and whipping were two things never before thought of in the same breath. She had always been an uncommonly sweet and gentle child, and nobody had ever guessed how much grit was latent in that little bosom. Nothing else would avail, however, and the whipping had to come. Still the baby remained obstinate and far from righteousness.

Feverish and exhausted, with parched lips crying for drink, yet inflexibly refusing to speak the little word which would bring it, she was put to bed in her crib. All the warmth night she tossed and moaned in her unquiet sleep, or woke crying from thirst; but even then, sleepy and miserable as she was, she would only say, "Can't say please," when the water came near. For the father and mother that was a night of sleepless wretchedness, relieved only by prayer. They really began to fear that the child would sooner die than to submit to authority.

"Oh, pshaw, never mind the please; give her drink," many a father would have said.

"Poor little thing! I must let the mindling go till another time," most mothers would have thought; but Mr. and Mrs. Hart did not see it. If it was like death for a will to yield after eighteen months' growth, what would it be after months and years of indulgence? God had committed to them this soul of his creation, to be trained for Himself; if she could not be made to obey her father whom she had seen, how should she become obedient to her Father in Heaven, whom she had not seen?

The very fact that her will was so strong, made it the more imperative to their minds that it should be brought under the control of her conscience; they saw what a cruel tyrant it would prove if left to hold sway. The longer the struggle was protracted, the more likely it seemed that the result would be a final one, and the more important that the result should be right. Then the other children, who had been watching this new phase of family history with a kind of solemn dread—should they learn that the authority they had been taught to revere, could after all be trodden under the feet of the baby? It would not do. It had been early explained to the little one that it was her Heavenly Father's command that she should obey her parents, and that she was resisting His will; that father and mother felt that they had no right to annul His law. So the night wore away, and the morning broke, but brought no peace to the household, weighed down by the perverse nature of its young rebel. She awoke worn and almost sick, but stubborn as ever.

Free will, indeed! What a grand, awful mystery it is! How, shrined in a dainty, delicate morsel of flesh, it can look out and defy the world! Terrible agent of evil—glorious worker of good! Kingliest of creation—a sovereign human will! What wonder heaven and hell contended for little Kitty's will. So they do for every one. Happy the child whose parents steadfastly keep the right side in the conflict!

Kitty found an ally in the morning. A woman who occupied an adjoining tenement, having learned the state of things from the children, came in to plead for her.

She assured Mrs. Hart that she was killing the child; that it was downright cruelty to treat her so; that if she had a little girl, she would never see her suffer when she could help it. All this fell on her sore and aching heart. The mother had already been tormented with fears that the heat and thirst and excitement would really be the death of her poor, naughty little darling.

She tried to think of some compromise by which Kitty would be relieved without a sacrifice of parental government. At last

she left the little girl alone in the room, while her father and mother watched her unseen.

They saw her come up to the mug and press her hot little hands against its sides and begin to raise it to her thirsty lips, then suddenly to set it down with a piteous look, and went away moaning. It was a cruel battle between Desire and Honor for such a little heart. Again the little creature would come up and look wistfully into the mug full of milk—shake her head mournfully, and turn away. Kitty would not blink out of the difficulty, though her parents would let her; she or they must openly surrender. This little display of character made them clearer than ever that they should do the child a cruel wrong in helping her to break down the demands of her own conscience.

In the course of the morning, Mrs. Hart was relieved to see the family physician drive up to the door. She hastened to tell him the whole story, and ask whether she was risking too much.

"I advise her to put it through; the little thing couldn't stand out much longer." Moreover, the good doctor straightway conceived a little stratagem for bringing her to terms.

It was a great treat for any of the children to take her this morning, she flushed up with delight, and began to caper about the room in high glee.

"Run and ask your mother to please put on your hat, then," said the doctor.

Instantly the bright little face faded; she lost all desire to go, if there was a "please" to it.

So the expedient failed.

It was getting towards noon—nearly twenty-four hours, during which Kitty had tasted neither food or drink. Persuasion and authority had been exhausted upon her, and still she wandered about the house, a wan, discontented little object, often crying, but as obstinate as ever.

Almost heart-broken to see her as she was, the mother took her to her arms once more and carried her to her chamber. Once again she showed the little girl how writhed her willfulness was making herself and all the rest, and how it was giving the dear Saviour. Then she knelt, and with tears implored that blessed Spirit who can melt every heart, to subdue the stubborn will. Suddenly the baby threw her arms around her neck and burst out, "please, please, please, please, please."

The grateful mother covered her with tears and kisses, and carried her down to the sitting-room, where she sprang into her father's arms, crying, "Please, please, please!" as if she would never be done. Now she was all radiant with love and peace. The other children came running in to hear how Kitty could say please. She was ready to hug and kiss everybody. The whole family stood around laughing and crying to see her drink her cup of milk, and hardly able to let her alone long enough to drink it.

The house was full of joy. The battle was ended. Right had triumphed. It had been a terrible struggle, but it was once for all; from that day to this Kitty Hart has shown no disposition to resist rightful authority. Her will was not "broken"—that is an ugly phrase—it is a good, strong will yet; but it was brought under her conscience. It was rescued from being mere wilfulness.

These parents had tried all along to make their child understand that to resist them was to disobey her Father in heaven, and that this was the head and front of her offending.

As time went on, they found,

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Rheumatic Patient.

The following amusing sketch is taken from an old Boston paper:

"Well, thin, I took a very bad cold as long ago as St. Patrick's day; and faith now says wasn't it a hard one?—Blessation to it—it gave me such a rheumatism in the leg that I couldn't stand up without falling down—and whenever I walked, faith and 'ouns, I just stood still, and when I went to bed I sit up all night. Well, me old woman doctored me, as she used to do in my own country, but a devil a bit the good did it do."

If I was in a free country I could not get freed from the rheumatism; so I sent for the doctor. And when he did come, and sure thinks I, now I'll be for getting well in less than no time. So he walks up to me, and says he,

"Let's see your tongue."

"Me tongue is it ye'd be after seeing? Don't you mane the leg, says I, for faith that's what pains me?"

"No; I mane your tongue," says he; "that will indicate the state of your legs."

"The devil it will; what a strange country this free country is." So I put out me tongue, and the doctor said it was a very bad one, entirely.

"And now," says he, "let me have your wrist."

"Me wrist," says I; "don't you mane me knee? for sure nothing is the matter of me wrist."

"No, it's your wrist I want," says he, "to be after feeling your pulse."

"After feeling me pulse. Ah, ye devil, yo! that is your game," says I.

"Your pulse, not your pulse," says he.

So after feeling me pulse, as he called it, he said I had the inflammatory rheumatism, and that I must be bled. Well, Misther Editor, he bled me and then gave me some white powders to take, and I got worse every day of my life. Faith now, I couldn't straithen me leg at all, and me mishter was complete it was. Well, this docthor attended me six months—and I groud worse all the time. So I told him not to come say more, for he did me no good. And sure, in less than an hour he sent in his bill, and oh, murther! he had charged me one hundred dollars, and all for 'making me worse.' The devil take 'm, says I. It was my *pulse*, after all, that he wanted. This country is most too free for me, faith it is. Well, the blackguard that brought the bill, said that it must be paid thin, or the docthor would be after getting an execution on everything we had.

"Oh, martheration!" said me ould woman, "is that monther of a docthor going to excuse my dear man?" So she ran to the Savings Bank, and was back before she started with the money, and gave it to the blackguard, who made tracks with it. What a devil of a free country it is, thought I—and what free doctors!

Well, Misther Editor, just at this moment John Carney came in, and tould me there was a place in Salem State, where they could cure the rheumatis before a man had it.

"Faith, now, and how are they doing it?" says I.

"They stame it out of 'em," says he.

"I'll be after trying it," says I. So John got a coach and took me right down there. Well, the Thompsonian docthor told me I could walk before night. Devil a bit says I, for I can't stand on me throtters. We shall see, says he. So he give me a cupful of stuff to drink; and, oh! St. Patrick, wasn't it hot? But this wan't after being a begining. He then gave me some medicine; and after than he put me in a stame-box and sweat me. Blood and 'ouns, what a staming I got. But I felt all the better for it. He then put me in bed, and put a young steam-box to me throtters. Then he brought me a cupfull of stuf he called coffee, and said Loblollie was in it.

"What will it be after doing to me?" says I.

"It will make yes vomit," says he.

"What?" says I, "you don't mane to say I shall vomit up the rheumatis?"

"I shouldn't wonder," says he. So I down with it.

"Oh, murther, what a dose!" says I. "Instead of low-Billy, I think it's high Johnny, for sure it's high stuff!"

Well, in less than no time I felt very bad, entirely—just as if I had two Kilkenny cats in me. But after I vomited freely, I felt like another man. He then put me in the stame-box agen, and stamed me a few minutes. I thin dhrressed myself, and as thrue as I'm an Irishman, I could walk quite sisy—and in a few days I was well entirely. I only had to pay thru dollars for being cured. It is a pretty free country after all, thinks I. Well, when I wint home that night me ould woman didn't know me—and faith, I hardly knew myself! I was not the same man at all that I was in the mornin—and Bridget could not believe her own eyes. She said she had been after hearing much about stame, but she did not believe before they could stame a man well in less than no time.

Explicit.

A Yankee riding up to a Dutchman ex-claimed:—

"Well, stranger, for acquaintance sake, what might be your name?"

"Vy, my name isch Haunce Hollenhoffen—heffengrefchenstumburg!"

"By Cape Cod! if that ain't as long as a pumpkin vine! Well, I hasn't no time to lose, I'm on a speculatin'! Tell me the way to Tamagua."

"To Tamagua! Well, you see dat road pon de hill!"—pointing in the direction.

"Oh yes, I see it."

"Well, den, you must not take that road. You see disch road by the coal bank!"

"Yes."

"Well, dat is not tee road toe; but you must go right by the barn door, and ven you see von road crooks just so, (bending his elbows, and describing at the same time,) and ven you get dare keep right along till you gits furder. Well, den you will turn tee potato patch round tee hedge over tee river up stream, an te hill up, and tiredly you see mine prudder Frits' parn, shinkled mit straw, dat's de house vere mine prudder lives. He'll dell you so better as I can. And you go alittle furder two roads—you must not take both of 'em."

The Yankee rode off at the top of his speed.

"Josh Billings says 'there is no more real satisfaction in laying up in your basement than there is in stuffing a dead hornet who has stung you, and keeping him to look at it.'



THE LONG-CHEERISHED DESIRE OF A LIFE-TIME.

YOUNG ENTHUSIAST.—"What! Cook going to leave! Oh, mamma, mamma! Then, at last, perhaps, I shall be allowed to clean the front-door steps!"

An Inquisitive Traveller.

A correspondent relates the following as his own personal experience:—

I left New York for Albany in no very pleasant mood. Getting up for an early train is neither customary nor agreeable with me; the coffee was muddy, and the toast was abominable. I got into a muss with a huckster about my face to the depot, my finger was jammed in the car door, and a fat man stepped on my toe as I moved to my seat. My face, I knew, looked forbidding, and though the car was full the seat beside me was not taken. We had gone past one or two stations, when a tall, broad-shouldered, farmer-looking fellow got into the car, and without a "By your leave," or "Is this seat engaged?" down he sat by me. I gave him a severe look that ought to have annihilated him, and the car moved on. By-and-by my attention was attracted by a gentle touch.

"Pleasant day."

I gave him to understand, in a curt way, that I didn't care if it was. After a while he reached his long neck out by me and said, yawningly—

"Looks as of we should hav some rain, soon."

I let the remark pass without reply, determined he should not draw me out. After some miles, he again spoke—

"Killed a hog last night."

"Well, what's that to me?" I said, sharply.

"Guess how much it weighed."

"O, don't bother me—six hundred pounds."

"Guess ag'n," after a pause.

"Well, say a hundred pounds."

The challenge to guess had a trifle of interest in it, but in a moment, ashamed of having shown any at all, I thrust my head out of the window, awaiting my sturdy associate's further advances. He made none, and after riding a'me ten or fifteen minutes, I looked around. He was staring out of the window, apparently lost in reflection.

"How much did your cussed hog weigh, anyhow?" I asked, as surly as I could.

His face didn't change a muscle, though I thought his eye looked a trifle mischievous, as he replied—

"Don't know, we didn't weigh him."

Fortunately for my peace of mind he got out at the next station.

Only a Revolver.

The following incident is said to have occurred in a Utica restaurant: A man recently entered the place and ordered a very elaborate dinner. He lingered long at the table, and finally wound up with a bottle of wine. Then, lighting cigar he had ordered, leisurely sauntered up to the counter, and said to the proprietor:

"Very fine dinner, landlord; just charge it to me; I haven't got a cent."

"But I don't know you," said the proprietor, indignantly.

"Of course you don't. If you had you wouldn't let me had the dinner."

"Pay me for the dinner, I say!"

"And I say I can't."

"I'll see about that," said the proprietor, who snatched a revolver out of a drawer, leaped over the counter and collared the man, exclaiming, as he pointed it at his head, "Now see if you'll get away with that dinner without paying for it, you scoundrel."

"What is that you hold in your hand?" said the impudent customer, drawing back.

"That, sir, is a revolver, sir."

"Oh, that's a revolver, is it? I don't care a fig for a revolver; I thought it was a stomach-pump!"

A mind which it isn't worth while to have—one that looks after other people's business.

leaving his British cousins in a "brown" study over the wonders of the New World.—*Cors. Bulletin.*

THE COMING WOMAN.

BY C. H. ST. JOHN.

Ah, who does not see that the age is at hand,
When man shall no longer be lord in the land?

When the women shall lay by the needle,
and take

The sceptre and sword, the plough and the rake!

But oh, what a day of deliverance, when
the editor lays down his wearisome pen,

The mason his trowel, the joiner his square,

And the hodman no longer his burden shall bear;

When the soldier shall shoulder his musket
no more,

The sailor repose, and the constable snore;

When the shipwright shall throw down his ponderous maul,

And the poor, grimy shoemaker give up his awl!

When man who has struggled for six thousand years

In the sweat of his forehead, in sorrow and tears,

Shall rest from his labor, his worry and strife,

And resign all his cares to his strong-minded wife!

Oh, brothers! how sweet, how delicious 'twill be

To sit all the morning a sipping your tea!

With nothing to do from dawning to night—

No speeches to spout, and no sermons to write;

No bargains to make, and no battles to fight,

No kindlings to split, and no fires to light.

And only to handle a fork or a ladle;

Or perhaps—very rarely—to joggle the cradle;

Very rarely, I say, for long before then,

The boys and the girls will be women and men;

And some feminine Barnum will show with her lumber;

The cradle in which the LAST BABY did slumber!

Four indiscreet Iowa children—two boys and two girls—14 years of age, having become enraptured with the life of a hermit and the romance of a forest life, took to the woods for the purpose of digging a cave in the depths of the woodland, away from the cares and sorrows of civilization, to enjoy the freedom of the Gipsy or the Indian. The cruel parents, however, got wind of the affair before the wanderers had reached a secluded spot, and brought them home.

What is that you hold in your hand?" said a young lady to her aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that, I would marry a widower with nine children." "I should prefer that myself," was the quiet reply, "but where is the widower?"

So you are going to keep a school?"

said a young lady to her aunt. "Well,

for my part, sooner than do that, I would marry a widower with nine children."

"I should prefer that myself," was the quiet reply, "but where is the widower?"

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